

Title: Stag Bar Supplement to Songs of SEA, and Other Places  
and Other Things

Note: This "Appendix" to Songs of SEA, and Other Places, and  
Other Things was published separately. The copy in this  
Collection includes ~~four~~ hand-written pages that were copied and  
added to the end of the Stag Bar Supplement. (#22-28)  
(16 pages total)

Given to William Getz by Gene Dalrymple

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Gene Hartman

(E)

STAG BAR

SUPPLEMENT

to

**SONGS OF SEA, AND OTHER PLACES, AND OTHER THINGS**

Everything in this world has its time and place. The time and place for these songs is Happy Hour in the Stag Bar. Remember, you can't say, "FUCK!!" in the Main Bar. Happy Singing.

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Also # 22-28 Landwritten

We might as well start out with the all time favorite--just remember, you can't say "FUCK!" in the Main Bar!

### SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
Fuck 'em all.  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
Fuck 'em all.  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
And I've only got one ball  
But it's better than none at all  
So, fuck 'em all.

Ch, they say I killed a man  
Fuck 'em all.  
Ch, they say I killed a man  
I shot him dead  
With a piece of fucking lead  
Through his silly fucking head  
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing  
Fuck 'em all.  
They say I'm gonna swing  
Fuck 'em all.  
They say I'm gonna swing  
From a piece of fucking string  
What a silly fucking thing  
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come  
Fuck 'em all.  
The parson he will come  
Fuck 'em all.  
The parson he will come  
With his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove 'em up his bung  
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask  
Fuck 'em all.  
The hangman wears a mask  
Fuck 'em all.  
The hangman wears a mask  
For his silly fucking task  
What a silly fucking ass  
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too  
Fuck 'em all.  
The sheriff will be there too  
Fuck 'em all.  
The sheriff will be there too  
With his silly fucking crew  
They've got fuck all else to do  
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud  
That I shouted right out loud--(shout)--FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

### I LOVE MY WIFE (2)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do  
I love her truly.  
I love the hole that she pisses through.  
I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its  
And her little brown asshole.  
I'd eat her shit-gobble, gobble,  
Chomp, chomp  
With a rusty spoon.

(This is, without a doubt, a Doubtful  
Classic.)

### SALLY (4)

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders,  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man.  
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders,  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

### MARY ANN BURNS (3)

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats.  
She can do tricks that would give a cat the shits.  
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,  
Do a double flip and catch 'em on her tits.  
A great big sonofabitch twice as big as me,  
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree.  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,  
Fly a plane, drive a truck.  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

## ADLINE SCHMIDT (5)

There was a young maiden  
named Adeline Schmidt,  
she went to the doctor  
because she couldn't shit.  
He gave her some medicine  
wrapped up in glass,  
Up went the window  
and out went her ass.

### CHORUS

It was brown, brown  
shit falling down.  
It was brown, brown  
shit falling down.  
It was brown, brown  
shit falling down.  
My God, how that  
poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper  
was walking his beat.  
He happened to be  
on that side of the street.  
He looked up so bashful,  
he looked up so shy,  
When a piece of brown shit  
hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper  
he cussed and he swore.  
He called that young maiden  
a dirty old whore.  
And on Brooklyn Bridge  
you can still see him sit  
With a sign 'round his neck  
saying, "Blinded by Shit."

It was brown, brown  
shit falling down.  
Brown, brown,  
shit all around.  
It was brown, brown,  
shit falling down.  
His life it was ruined  
by shit, shit, shit, shit.

## HORSE SHIT (6)

What makes this song is the derisive, sneering  
last line of each verse.

There was a pilot of great renown,  
There was a pilot of great renown,  
There was a pilot of great renown,  
Until he fucked a girl from our town.  
Fucked a girl from our town.  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,  
He laid her in a feather bed,  
He laid her in a feather bed,  
And then he twisted out her maidenhead.  
Twisted out her maidenhead.  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
And then he shoved it in clear up to there.  
Shoved it in clear up to there.  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
And then he missed her cunt and split  
the stump.  
Missed her cunt and split the stump  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He laid her on the dewy grass,  
He laid her on the dewy grass,  
He laid her on the dewy grass,  
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass  
Shoved the old boy up her ass  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
And then he fucked the girl until she died,  
Fucked the girl until she died  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
And then he thought he'd have another round  
Thought he'd have another round  
Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho. Horse shit -- HORSE SHI

THE THUD (or PHANTOM, or SPITFIRE, or JUG, or SABRE, or . . .) BATTLE HYMN (7)

or Phantom

We fly our fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet,  
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.  
And though we think we're flying south, we're flying fucking north,  
And we made our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah.      or Glory, glory, what a fucking way is this  
Glory, glory, hallelujah.      "      "      "      "  
Glory, glory, hallelujah.      "      "      "      "  
On the firth of fucking forth! (insert last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all thousand feet.  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat.  
We fly those fucking Thuds with skill, we fly with fucking luck,  
but we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at ten-thousand fucking feet.  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet.  
And though we think we're flying up, we're flying fucking down,  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SPANISH GUITAR (8)

Oh, the first port of call was Aden, Aden  
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, made 'em.

CHORUS

Two dollars you pay, for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a spanish guitar  
Singing--hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways  
Swish, swish  
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore  
Shit-bang, fuck-stick  
Two dollars you pay for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a spanish guitar. Plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call was Boston, Boston.  
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

Oh, the next port of call was Malta, Malta.  
Where the girls wouldn't but oughta, oughta.

Oh, the next port of call was Suwon, Suwon.  
Where the girls would do it for two won, two won.

Oh, the next port of call was Takhli, Takhli.  
Where the girls they would do it for free, for free.

## SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (9)

(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new,  
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,  
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht."  
"I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

### CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat  
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot  
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat  
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway.  
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.  
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot.  
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box  
Became her pimp and later got shot.  
But still couldn't tie the marital knot  
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed.  
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.  
Some left their wives, believe it or not,  
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,  
When they had the honor to lay in her rack.  
They never forgot that dirty old twat,  
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

With F-4C crews she never had trouble  
Once she learned how to take them on double.  
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not.  
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,  
One in the front and the other in back.  
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht.  
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

Major Gordie McLeod loaned me his copy of Chum Chim for this book.

## NELLY DARLING (10)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,  
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy,  
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.  
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,  
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

### SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION) (11)

... come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all  
O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all  
O, we fly the goddamn plane  
Through the flak and through the rain,  
And tomorrow we'll do it again,  
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all  
O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all  
O, they tell us not to think,  
Just to dive and just to jink.  
Just to jink,  
Just to jink.

... we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all  
O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all  
O, we bombed MuGia Pass  
Though we only made one pass  
They really stuck it up our ass  
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all  
O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all  
O, they sent the whole damn wing,  
Probably half of us will sing,  
What a silly fucking thing,  
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all  
O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all  
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,  
Killed every fucking girl and boy.  
What a goddamn fucking joy!  
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all  
O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all  
O, my bird it did get shot  
And I'll probably cry a lot,  
But I think that it's Shit Hot!  
So, Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck 'em all  
While I'm hanging in my chute, Fuck 'em all  
While I'm tangled in my chute  
Comes this silly fucking toot  
Hangs a medal on my root  
So . . . . FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

### O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER (12)

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

#### CHORUS

Fiddley-I-E, fiddley-I-O  
Fiddley-I-E, for the one ball Reilly  
Rubba dub dub, jig balls and all  
Rubba dub dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the ahir  
Then I threw my left leg over,  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,  
Shagged and shagged--til the fun was over.

There came a knock upon my door.  
Who should it be but her goddamn father.  
Two horse pistols by his side,  
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the hair,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water.  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner,  
"There goes that dirty son of a bitch,  
The one that shagged O'Reilly's daughter."

### THE CAMEL (13)

The crew they all ride in the dory  
The captain, he rides in the gig  
It don't go a goddamn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

#### CHORUS

Singing-toorally, toorally, toorally-a  
Toorally, toorally-a  
it don't go a goddamn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of the camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks.  
In always is of enormous passion  
And always is to the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterior organs  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog  
Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh, why don't the boys down at Harvard  
Do like the boys down at Yale.  
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog  
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams  
And here's to streets that they roam,  
And here's to their dirty faced bastards,  
God bless them, they may be our own.

And here's to old Fort Massachusetts,  
And here's to the old Mohawk trail,  
And here's to the Indian maidens  
Who gave us our first piece of tail.

### CATS ON THE ROOF TOP (14)

The hippopotamus, so it seems,  
Seldom if ever has wet dreams  
But when he does, he comes in streams  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

CHORUS: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles  
Cats with the syphillis, cats with the piles  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass,  
Mama armadillo has an iron bound ass  
But, papa armadillo has a prick of brass  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Way down south where the alligators roar,  
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore  
'Cause all the alligators are too sore  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the elephant is a solitary bloke  
Who seldom ever gets a poke,  
But when he does, he lets it soak  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the ostrich is a funny old dick.  
It isn't very often that he dips his wick.  
But when he does he dips it quick  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

### THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (15)

An airman told me before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied,  
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel  
Driven by a bloody great wheel--  
Two brass balls all filled with cream  
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,  
In and out went the prick of steel--  
Until at last the maiden cried,  
"I fucked, through. I'm satisfied."

But now we come to the bitter bit.  
There was no way of stopping it.  
She was split from her ass to her tit,  
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

### NO BALLS AT ALL (16)

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox  
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.  
She married a man named Patrick McCall  
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

#### CHORUS

No balls, no balls  
A very short peter  
And no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed  
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed  
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?  
I've married a man who never can screw.  
I reached for his pecker, it was very small.  
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.  
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.  
There's many a man who will come to the call  
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice.  
And found the results exceedingly nice.  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

## ROLL ME OVER (17)

Now this is number one and the song has just begun.

### CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again  
Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.  
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.  
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.  
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.  
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.  
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven.  
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.  
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.  
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

## RING DANG DOO (18)

When I was young and sweet sixteen  
I met a girl from New Orleans.  
Oh, she was young and pretty too,  
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray, what is that?  
It's round and soft like a pussy cat.  
It's round and soft and split in two,  
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo.

She took me up into her bed.  
She placed her tits beneath my head.  
And then she took my hickey-floo  
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo.

Now six months later she began to swell.  
She swelled and swelled 'til she looked  
like hell.  
She told her ma and her father too  
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

Her father said, "You filthy whore,  
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore.  
Pack up your bag and your nighly too  
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city to become a whore.  
She hung a sign upon her door.  
Five dollars now, nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went.  
And the price went down to fifteen cents.  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch,  
He had the crabs and the jockey itch,  
He had the syph and diarrhea too  
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

They hung her tits in the city hall  
They pickled her ass in alcohol.  
Now all you bums and hobos too  
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo.

So they buried her near the city hall  
And they engraved upon the wall.  
She's learned her lesson and you should too.  
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

## THE SCOTCH WEDDING (19)

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir  
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin' on the moor  
Oh, the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth  
The Queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo  
The mon that did it last night, could no do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom  
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb  
Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front  
A wreath of roses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree  
Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks  
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks  
They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.  
They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool  
Plowman Jack he was there, the bugger would na dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The fiery Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores  
The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much  
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with 'is crutch.

The chimneysweep and he was there, we had to put him oot  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot  
The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
he couldna fuck his lassie, so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

The village smithy he was there, he wouldn't play the games  
He frigged the lassie fourteen times, before he finally came.  
'Twas the gathering of the clan, and all the lads were there  
A grabbin' all the lassies and friggin' without a care.

## CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY (20)

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress  
Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey  
Friday I put my hand upon it  
Saturday night she gave balls a tweak  
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her  
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey.

Call out the army and the navy  
Call out the rank and file  
Call out the royal territorials  
They face danger with a smile  
Call out the boys of the old brigade  
That made old England free  
You can call out me Mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for God's sake don't  
Call me, Gor Blimey.

CHORUS: I don't want to join the Army *See March*  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Picadilly around *underground*  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady  
Don't want a bullet up my arse hole  
Don't want me buttocks shot away  
I'd rather be in England  
In jolly, jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away.

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (21)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion.

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase them all over.

THE END  
(Back Page blank for your favorites)

## Son of Sittins (unp-22)

### Chlorosis.

I'm a son of Satan's Angels,  
I fly the F4D  
all the way from the Haven Pt. bridge,  
to the DMZ  
I'm one of the bad cathill's crew,  
and mean as I can be.  
I'm a son of Satan's Angels,  
I fly the F4D

Helle, I have Hamlets, send info to MFGs to meet them soon  
I might run up & blast them off, feed's very well be there soon  
I don't care if you are the gal that was born with the silver spoon  
cause I've got Sidewinders on board that I have on an AB plane

There isn't a single H gunned up there that can't be a field of angles.  
Cause I've got CBH's on board & I'm in for one more pass.  
He hopped me down one time too much & that one was his last.  
I can see my CBH's leaving holes in the gunner's bed.

Yankee in Pinkie (23)

I've dropped iron bombs on the culverts, from high CAF for P-10. That's  
I've snarled a couple of Z. ones or twice, and snarled my own with red steel.

I've been downtown to both bridges, to Shen, slogan, Kip, and Pier 40.  
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see  
I here" ~~that~~ we didn't I aint been.

## Downtown (24)

When you get up at 2 o'clock in the morning, you can tell you're in trouble.  
Shaking your head, you're sweating heavy all over, cause you got to go.

Smoke a fag of cigarettes before the briefing is over, wishing you didn't  
burning, wishing you were flying over, it's safer that way -  
it's hairy as hell down there -

You know you're biting your nails and you're seeing your wife  
You're going downtown - where else the lights are bright.

Downtown - you'd rather stretch when tight.

Downtown - hope you'd come home tonight - downtown, downtown.

Planning the route, you keep's hoping that you won't have to go  
today - downtown.

Checking the numbers cause it's sometimes to broken.

So you still don't know - downtown.

Waiting for the guy in TAC to say you're cancelled.

Hoping that the "orders" they give will be what suits your fancy.  
Don't make me go -

I'd much rather RTB -

Well you sit and you wait thinking, Oh FSH.

I'm going downtown - that's why I'm feeling now

Downtown - but I don't want to go

" - going to see Uncle Ho - downtown, downtown.

Postal force - burns now - Bernadette has sweeping you  
through the French light, no threat, like this, there's  
a place at 3 o'clock - let's take her down!!!

## Banana Valley (25)

Just go down to Banana Valley,  
just on down & meet your fate,  
Go on down to Banana Valley,  
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

I got friends in Banana Valley,  
I got friends that learned too late  
I got friends in Banana Valley,  
They go down, down, down, 'cause they did not hate.

There's snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley,  
Them snakes in the weeds know how to hate,  
Them snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley  
They go down, down, down, and there they wait.

I heard all 'bout Banana Valley,  
How fighting them snakes could be so great,  
So much fun in Banana Valley,  
Gotta go down, down, down, and investigate.

Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,  
Two of my friends killed one of them snakes,  
Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,  
They went down, down, down, to attend the wake.

So go on down to Banana Valley,  
Go on down to meet your fate,  
Go on down to Banana Valley,  
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

## Figgin' in the Riggin' (26)

It was on the good ship Venus,  
My God, you should have seen us.  
The figure head was a whore in bed,  
and the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus: Figgin' in the riggin', figgin' in the riggin'  
There's fuck all else to do.

The captain of the bugge,  
He was a dirty bugge.  
He filled his ass

The Bient & Van Sing - Wing Machine (27)

Now flying by yourself up front just get you down,  
Are you all bunched up and nervous when you do,  
Do you have a second thought just before you leave the ground,  
Would you rather have a bucking by your side,  
With there's no need to complain will eliminate your pain,  
We can neutralize your brain, you'll feel just fine... now...  
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

Do the combat tactics air-to-air make you afraid,  
The upper atmosphere is cold and blue,  
If you get shot down because of a lazy pass you made,  
Would you rather take your cockpit down with you,  
Are you worried and distressed, don't seem to get no rest,  
Put our product to the test, you'd feel just fine... now...  
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine

You'd better hurry up and get you one,  
Our limited supply is very nearly gone.

Do you nervously await the blow of cruel fate,  
Does burnin' hair just drive you up the wall,  
Are you tired of comin' in early & thengoin' home late,  
Are you lookin' for a way to check it all,  
We can end your daily strife, at a reasonable price,  
You've seen it advertised in LIFE, you'll feel just fine...  
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine

Waterloo (28)

2. what is  
62?

Waterloo, Waterloo, Just 62, where oh where are you?  
Everybody has their Army, everybody has to pay,  
and you baby, Just 62, today it's you.

For old Sophie, well to wait nothing else,  
had some trouble, cause he did what he was told,  
went too far, before he turned around,  
Just 62, you'd better put it on the ground.

Listen Hank, well we're all ashamed of you,  
we don't swell, and we don't fly the way you do,  
we love MAC, Will, somebody said we should,  
Bitter go back home and leave it, Just 62.

Quiet Savvy, wasn't quiet in the air,  
Someone heard something that didn't sound quite right,  
They sighed, he'd burst his bubble chick in his,  
Bitter knock it off and RTB, 62.